

THE
Johnson Journal



REX

March, 1926

Buchanan
A. Green
Wallace
Shadwick

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Duffon
Reviews the lying gladiator

1st week November

arrange the printing in
with editor's help in
call meetings
where possible

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. IV

MARCH

NO. 2

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EDITORIAL



Washington in his Farewell Address discusses the question of taxes. He said that paying these taxes was one of the disagreeable duties of every good citizen. Such is the case in Johnson High in regard to athletic dues. If you started to pay your dues you are bound to continue paying them. Don't let them slide. Everyone admires a person who keeps his debts paid and surely you don't want to be looked upon as a slacker by

your fellow students. Be a good citizen in your school community.

Examinations are over for the first half year at least, and it is hoped they proved encouraging to all. If the results were rather disastrous for some of us, we must buckle down and do better work in the next semester. On the other hand, if results were good, let us not sit back too self satisfied. Keep up the good work and let's enlarge the honor roll.



LITERARY



LINCOLN ESSAY

Each year the Springfield Watch Company of Springfield, Illinois offers a bronze medal of Lincoln to the winner of an essay on "The Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln."

It has been the custom in recent years for the Senior Class to compete for this medal.

The Senior Class of 1926 proved no exception to this rule, and on February 8 they met in Room 8 to write the essay. The judges had to work hard to get the essays judged for February 12. They did not fail us, however, for on February 12 they named Russell Colby, alias James Kelley, as winner of the medal. Honorable mention for originality was given to Raymond Gagne, alias Sir Conan Doyle.

Life and Character of Abraham Lincoln

In the poor little cabin of Thomas Lincoln, in Hardin County, Kentucky, was born on the twelfth of February, 1809, a boy who was to strive against great difficulties, and through this striving was to build for himself a character which has stood out as perhaps the greatest example of christianity and true manhood, both in public and private life, since that great example of Jesus Christ himself. This boy was Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was born of true pioneer stock. The Lincolns had always been great roamers, and Lincoln's father was no exception. Thomas Lincoln, in his younger days had been somewhat of a vagrant, wandering about doing odd jobs, until he learned the carpenter's trade and married Nancy Hanks, Abraham's mother. Nancy Hanks also came of pioneer stock, and was only educated enough to be able to teach her husband how to write his name. She, however, was a woman of fine character, and, although she died when Abraham was only a small boy, he carried many of her sayings and advice through his entire life. Although Lincoln's parents were illiterate, we can see where he got the foundations of his character.

Lincoln showed very early in life that he was to have an unusual career. At the early age of five he had read and studied the small library which the Lincoln cabin contained, the Bible, a spelling book, and a catechism, and was looking about for more learning. He went to school for a very short time in Kentucky.

When Abraham was seven years old, the family moved to Indiana. When they finally

arrived there, after many difficulties, and losses, Abraham began his long career of hard work by cutting logs and helping his father to build the little three-sided cabin in which they were to live until a better one could be built. At this time Abraham spent his evenings in cyphering on the fire shovel. The family circumstances were not very good, and Abraham worked steadily to help support the family.

Just as things were beginning to grow better, his mother was taken with an epidemic prevalent at that time, and died. Abraham and his father hollowed out a rude coffin and buried her with much sorrow. As they were unable to procure a minister at that time, Abraham wrote to a circuit-rider who came after about three months and performed the funeral service.

About two years later, Thomas Lincoln married a Widow Johnston, who came to live in the cabin with her three children. She and her family fitted in splendidly, and the most friendly and helpful relations existed. She was particularly helpful to Abraham, and being somewhat more educated than Thomas Lincoln, was interested in helping him with his studies. Through her efforts he was sent to a small school, several miles away, which he attended for about a year, by which time he had learned everything that his schoolmaster could teach him. All through this period as through his whole life, he spent his days in doing a hard day's work, and his evening in study and self-improvement.

Just after Lincoln became of age, the family moved to Illinois to avoid the same disease of which the first Mrs. Lincoln had died. Here Lincoln went to work for a man named Offut, who kept a store at New Salem, and went about the country trading. Abraham with two other men, took a cargo of goods down to New Orleans on a flat-boat and sold them for Mr. Offut. Lincoln showed great ingenuity in getting this boat off some shoals, and later, in 1849, invented a device for raising river boats when they got aground, and had it patented.

In 1832 Lincoln ran for the state legislature but was defeated. In the same year he went into partnership with a man named Berry and bought the store which Mr. Offut owned. Berry proved a drunkard and a rascal. He died, leaving Abraham with large debts, which he has jokingly called his "National Debt." Only by denying himself and working hard did he finally succeed in

paying off this debt. The last payment was made in 1849.

After the disastrous partnership with Berry, Lincoln took up surveying, and was very successful until one of his creditors had his instruments seized to help pay the "National Debt," a kind friend bought them back and presented them to Lincoln.

Soon after this he began his career as a lawyer, which finally became his life work. He went into partnership with several different men, and had a very successful career and a large practice. He was all that a lawyer should be. He would never take a case until he was entirely satisfied that his client was not guilty. He would then go to work with might and main to prove to the jury, not by sophistry and lies, but by a clear, concise statement of fact, and by simple eloquence, that his client was innocent. He always charged just what he thought a client could well afford to pay. In spite of his different ways and his simplicity he was very popular among other lawyers, and soon rose to the foremost lawyer in Illinois.

In 1834 Lincoln was elected to the state legislature, where he did fine work in promoting bills for internal improvements which were so much needed at that time in Illinois.

In 1842, he married Mary Todd, a young Kentucky society girl, and daughter of a United States Senator. There had been a great deal of discussion over whether Mary Todd, with her flighty, ambitious ideas was a help or a hindrance to Lincoln in his later years or not, but it is generally considered that she was quite a good match for Lincoln, with his easy-going, careless pioneer ways, and served greatly by her ambition to guide him up to business when he might have been contented to let things go by.

In 1846 Lincoln was elected to Congress, where he voted and spoke against slavery every time the question came up. At this time, seeing how inferior he was in education and manners to the other members of Congress, he set about studying and reading to improve himself. The fact that he, at his age could improve himself so much as he did, showed that he must have had tremendous will power. It is very hard for a man to go to work and train himself at that age.

In 1854 Lincoln and Stephen Douglas began their series of debates on the slavery question. Lincoln was very strong against slavery, and Douglas was very strong for it. Douglas tried by sophistry and eloquence to overcome the advantages of Lincoln's simplicity of expression and power of dealing with facts, but Lincoln broke down his reasoning almost by one sentence.

In 1860, under the most threatening conditions between the North and the South,

Lincoln took up the presidency on his shoulders. Soon after his inauguration, Civil War broke out. He not only had the rebels to deal with, but his burden was about as great because of doubt about the North. There were people in the North who fought him through newspapers and magazines and did other things to make it as hard as possible. There were few men who would have had the courage and foresight to see the right and carry it through as Lincoln did. The war with the rebels of the South was only a small part of Lincoln's burden. Lincoln was very fair minded all through the war. Where severity was needed, he was prepared to use it, but he pardoned a great many men whom another president might have punished. Other men proposed drastic measures for freeing the slaves and other means for beating the rebels, but Lincoln never passed a measure until it was absolutely necessary. He saw the great wrong of slavery and how wrong the South was, but he never for one moment felt any anger or malice toward them. When the war was finally won, he was ready to receive them back as a part of the Union on equal terms, and to help them re-establish themselves from the effects of the war.

On the evening of April fourteenth, just after peace had been established, Lincoln planned to go to Ford's theatre with General Grant and several others. General Grant was unable to go that evening, but Lincoln and his wife went. While he was enjoying the entertainment, an insane actor, J. Wilkes Booth, shot him and escaped from the theatre. Lincoln lived unconscious until the next morning, when his earthly body died, but his great personality and principles live on as they will live on as long as there is any American Nation. His death, just as the time in his life when he felt the greatest joy at his tremendous success, and when he was needed so much to finish up his great work, made a tremendous shock on the whole nation.

Abraham Lincoln was the one great man who was almost without fault in public or in private life. He was a man who was unusually gifted with a fine sense of the fitness of things, and an ability, largely gained through the tremendous obstacles overcome and his great experiences, for doing whatever he set out to do, in the best possible way. Unlike many great men, he was just as great and fine in the smaller things of life as in the greater things. Lincoln was above any regard whatever for personal glory or comfort or safety. He did not fear death, except as it would put a stop to his great work. He regarded himself as an instrument for doing God's work.

RUSSELL COLBY '26.

SQUASHING THE BOOTLEGGERS

One day in midyear examination period, I went to Boston with my brother. We had a load of vegetables for a wholesale merchant. It was made up of fifteen bushels of beets and a ton of squash, the latter being in loose pack, giving the load a queer appearance. All went well, until a little distance from Spot Pond, upon stopping to let down the canvas which was flapping, we noticed that a big limousine behind us had also stopped.

This machine, we thought, was the same one which we had seen drawn up to the curb in Reading Square. There were two policemen standing beside it and when we passed they had turned and looked at us. Not being certain it was the same machine, we considered it somewhat strange that it should stop at the same time we did and for apparently no reason.

We were continuing on our way and had just reached a level stretch of road by Spot Pond, going at a good speed, when the same car shot by. It swerved across the road directly in front of us. Out jumped two men with drawn revolvers, who rushed to the back of the truck.

What they suspected of our innocent squash was more than we could conceive.

We stopped short and got out and the other men in the limousine did the same. "We are Federal Officers, what are you carrying?" We told them beets and squash. "Untie the load," came the crisp command. We obliged them by doing so, and after they had satisfied themselves by pawing it all over they let us go. They had been trailing us since we left Reading.

About two miles further on we saw them again stopping another machine. This truck was of a similar type as ours except for the cab, which was of a different make. There was also a canvas over the load. This time their search was more fruitful, for they had opened two cases in which we saw two five-gallon cans of alcohol.

R. C. '28.

STEELE

"Jim, Jim!" Immediately the clack of the mowing machine ceased and the driver jumped lightly to the ground. It was a tall, bronzed giant in the late thirties, who faced the sweet-faced young woman who had called.

"What's the matter, Martha?" queried Jim.

"The sheep have gone again, right through the same place," answered Martha, with a frown of anxiety on her forehead. "I can't understand it at all. This is the third time this week."

"I know, Martha," said Jim, in a cheerful, soothing voice. "Send Buddy and Steele up after them."

The young woman turned away and Jim went back to his mowing. However, it was his turn to frown now, and he thought how his sheep strayed off, every week. Then, after a long search, the sheep would come back, tired, and cut in many places. If Buddy, and his dog Steele, had not spent many hot and tiring hours in searching, probably the sheep would never have come back.

All he could do now, was to put barbed wire around the pasture. He had hesitated to do this before because sheep usually get entangled and cut in the wire.

It wasn't right. Jim couldn't understand what made his sheep leave his pasture. When Jim had left the army, after the world war, he had married Martha Greeley. Then he had taken over the old farm and attempted to make it pay. He had built up a fine flock of Southdown sheep, gaining the reputation of the best around in that country. Now having them go away and come back with one missing each time was certainly depressing. Where did those "ones" go to, was the question that Jim Barker asked himself again and again?

That afternoon Jim got his wire and put it up around the pasture. Towards sunset he saw Buddy coming with the sheep. Steele capered around the tired flock, heading them toward the gate.

"Where did you find them this time?" asked Jim.

"Up in the same place—Hardy's Woods," replied Buddy. He looked very much like his father, with his straight jaw, Grecian nose and blue eyes.

"Old Blackie is missing this time," he continued disconsolately.

By this time Steele had driven the tired cattle into the yard and was waiting for Jim to close the gate. He was a handsome dog of no particular breed. He was a cross between a greyhound and a mastiff. Picture a dog of stocky build with rather long legs, with a steel-gray coat, from which he derived his name, with a large head and long pointed nose, which was as keen as any bloodhound's; with dark, brown eyes that could see into his master's heart—that was Steele.

The next morning after breakfast Jim and Buddy started to the sheep pen to fix the cattle's abrasions as well as they might. Imagine their consternation in finding the pen empty.

Father looked at son, and son returned the gaze manfully.

"All right, father, I'll go get them," and the

boy raced away to get his mother to put up a lunch for him."

Left alone, the father walked to one end of the pen. The ground sloped gently downward, and at the foot of the enclosure was a spring. Here the ground was naturally water-soaked. The ground was trampled and each hoof-print was imbedded clearly in the mud. Evidently the sheep had stampeded for some unexplained cause. The barbed wire had been pushed aside, like so much string. Only the bottom strand remained.

"That was three-strand wire," muttered Jim to himself, as he straightened the wire and pulled out the hair that was clotted with blood. He stood there thinking, when someone shouted and he saw Bart McFarland coming down the slope.

"Martha says your sheep have gone, too. My best-blooded Shropshires have disappeared. Of course they left my old black there. They were in the west field, but it got my others," were McFarland's words of greeting.

"They say Dickinson's, over on Warner Hill, strayed off, day before yesterday. Something's got to be done about it," he continued.

"Something is going to be done about it," said Jim, with a determined note in his voice. "Hey, wait a minute, Buddy," he suddenly shouted, when he saw Buddy and Steele starting across the field. "I'm going to bring these sheep back," he remarked, turning again to McFarland. "I wish you wouldn't say anything to the constable yet. If I don't bring them back, I'll give him a chance. This is the third day that I've had sheep stray away and I don't intend to have it continue. If you'd keep an eye on the place while I'm away, I'd be much obliged, Bart. I'll tell you about it afterwards," he concluded.

He and McFarland walked together to the porch where Buddy sat drumming his heels. McFarland drove off and Jim turned to Buddy.

"I'm going with you, Bud," he said slowly. "I'm going to let Steele track the sheep and we'll take food and bedding enough to camp for awhile. You had better wear those sneakers of yours."

Then going into the house, he disclosed his plan to Martha, who was busy in the kitchen.

"Please put up lunch for us, because we won't be back till late. Why don't you go over to your mother's for the week-end? I'm not coming back until I find those sheep," he said determinedly.

Then he put on a pair of moccasins, donned an old hunting jacket, whose pockets were filled with bullets, and picked up the blankets. Buddy carried the food.

Steele walked sedately in front of them,

seeming to be aware that something important was going to happen.

Jim led Steele to the broken wires, then said slowly, "Go get the sheep, Steele, find 'em."

Steele looked into Jim's face, then putting his nose to the ground, started off. First slowly, then with increasing sureness and swiftness, he led the man and boy a merry chase. Over fences, stone walls, brooks and fallen logs he went. Jim knew the dog was following the scent, because, once in a while, tracks would be seen in the soft summer earth.

Buddy had been silent all the way. Suddenly he spoke. "Dad, I don't think that the sheep have strayed away. I think something or somebody has been driving them."

"That's right, too, Buddy," exclaimed his father. "If they strayed, they'd go on the easiest road, not over this rough wilderness."

They scrambled on in silence. Steele seemed to be sure of his way, but around two o'clock he became very hot and tired. So, also, were Jim and Bud. Soon Jim called Steele, tied him, then proceeded to get dinner.

All were rested after the meal, and they pushed on, hurriedly. They had come to Wilcox's woods and were hurrying forward when Steele, far ahead of them, began to bark. They proceeded at a run until they came upon a terrible sight. "King," Jim's pedigreed ram, was lying dead on the ground, with his throat mangled in a horrible way. Jim felt the still-warm body and said that some one had done it with a knife. Bud stood looking at the fine animal, then suddenly turned to his father. "We must go on," he said. There was a mist in his eyes, but he clamped his jaw, determinedly.

"Yes, lad," answered the father simply. Toward sunset, after traveling many miles, Jim made camp in a small, dry ravine. He hitched Steele and lay down with Buddy before the fire. Although it was summer, the night was cool and the blankets proved comfortable. They slept deeply and only once was Jim awakened by Steele's growling. He listened awhile, then replenished the fire and went to sleep again.

When they awakened a red sun was just above the horizon. Jim got breakfast and after feeding the dog, they started onward. The trail was still fresh and Steele had no difficulty in following the scent. Jim and Buddy slipped silently over the rough way that the trail led them. It became hotter and hotter and Steele's tongue hung far out of his mouth. Nevertheless, they kept on, in that unrelenting sun. Whoever or whatever was driving the sheep, was traveling at almost incredible speed. Some of the sheep must be near exhaustion, as this terribly fast pace must be telling on them. These ever were

the thoughts on which Jim dwelled, all that hot and sweltering morning.

At noon they stopped in a small wooded place, at least a refuge from the sun. Steele dropped, panting, to the ground at Bud's feet, after much persuasion on the part of Jim and Bud. In fact, Buddy wanted to keep on, but Jim noted that Bud's face was pale. He must not let Bud get a sunstroke now. So Bud and Steele rested, while eating. All was still in the woods. Suddenly Steele jumped to his feet. Jim arose and Steele growled. He lifted his nose high in the air and the short hairs along his back-bone involuntarily lifted. Then he was off like a shot, with a wild "yap, yap!"

Over boulders, barbed-wire, fences, and brooks they raced. Still the high-pitched, excited "Yap, yap!" led them on. They were getting nearer now. Suddenly Jim threw out his arm in front of Bud, then, both carefully picking their way so that they made no noise, they came to a cleared space in the woods. A curious sight met their eyes. In one corner of the spot, about fifty sheep were milling around and around. In the centre of the inclosure a huge beast was crouched. In front of him stood Steele. In truth he was like Steele. Huge muscles stood out in his shoulders and thigh in bas-relief. His grey coat shone in the sunlight and the hair on his back was as stiff as a pompadour.

Since the wind was in the opposite direction, the animal had not scented the excited humans. Jim's fingers tightened on the butt of his gun and he unlocked the safety catch. Bud and he stood in a petrified attitude. It was very still, only broken by the sound of low bleating that came from the tired sheep. At last Jim stepped silently forward with Buddy at his heels to see better, when suddenly one of them stepped on a rotted stick. It made a sharp crack and as it did, the animal leaped. Straight at the dog's throat the tawny wildcat shot. But as quick as the cat was, quicker still was Steele, just turning his body out of reach of those terrible claws, which were the explanation of those torn and bleeding sheep.

Again the cat turned and Jim tried to shoot. He couldn't hit that terribly swift thing that turned and twisted before his eyes. Suddenly Steele turned and grabbed the cat behind the shoulder. A blow from the cougar's paw sent him rolling over and over until he struck a tree. He rose unsteadily, but again ran with his greyhound swiftness straight at the cat's face. The cat was ready to meet him, but Steele lightly jumped aside and buried his teeth into the cat's shoulder again. The cougar, with a terrible cry, pulled himself away and grabbed Steele. They rolled over and over, and Jim had no chance to shoot.

Buddy left his father and ran to the sheep. He then drove them around the two fighting frenzied animals, and herded them over to a small path that lay through the woods.

"Take them to that ravine," whispered Jim. "I'll come as soon as I can."

The boy nodded and the father turned to watch the terrific struggle before him. Steele was holding his own, more often on top than underneath. He was keeping out of the way of those terrible claws and teeth. Once Jim gasped in horror. The cougar had knocked Steele sprawling and then it had jumped. By a dexterous turn of his lithe body, Steele had managed to roll out of the way. Steele sprang to his feet and made one tremendously forceful rush. He imbedded his teeth into the forefoot of the cougar and immediately the cat slumped downward.

Steele had inherited the instinct to grab for a nerve, from some fighting ancestor. When the nerve was severed, his foe was temporarily banished.

Now Jim gained possession of his senses. He leaped forward, and pressing his revolver to the temple of the cat, he put the cougar out of its misery.

He turned his attention now to Steele. The dog wagged his stub of a tail and looked into his master's face as much as to say: "Well, I did it after a while, didn't I?" Jim gravely patted the dog's head and then proceeded to wash and bind up, as well as he could, the wounds and scratches Steele had received.

Slowly the dog and his master left the hard, worn field. Several times Jim had to pick up and carry the dog. The long march through the wilderness and the terrible struggle had robbed Steele of his splendid strength.

At last, Jim reached the small ravine where Buddy awaited him. When they had rested, they counted the sheep and found several missing. The sheep were tired, and on closer inspection, almost every animal had some kind of an abrasion.

Then, in the deepening summer twilight, Jim and Buddy started for home, with Steele carefully guarding the sheep.

R. G. '26

SCHOOL NOTES

On December 10, 1925, an exceptionally fine concert was given by the Kappa Gamma Psi Fraternity of the New England Conservatory of Music at Stevens Hall. Because of several other social functions in town, the attendance at the concert was not as large as was hoped for. However, the net proceeds amounted to \$102.75, half of which went to

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the Paderewski Scholarship Fund of the Conservatory. Miss Sargent kindly offered to pay the expenses, which amounted to \$23.70, out of the half left for Johnson High, leaving \$28.05 for the Johnson High School Fund.

Stunt Night, a yearly feature to which we all look forward, was to have been held February 19, but for several reasons has been indefinitely postponed. It is hoped that it will be held shortly after the close of Lent.

Mr. Corey, from Burdett's College, was scheduled to speak to the Johnson High students, Wednesday, February 10. His subject this year was to be: "The Key to Success." Because of the snow storm, there was no school and we missed this speech, which we would have enjoyed, we are sure, as much as those of other years. We hope that he will be able to come at a later date.

There have been two very good debates in the Senior English class. The members who took part showed that there is some very good material in the class for debating.

The first subject was: "The Country Boy has Advantages Superior to Those of the City Boy." Gentlemen on the affirmative were Smith and DeRienzo. Gentlemen on the negative were Moody and Woolley.

The second subject was: "Athletics are Carried Too Far in College." Gentlemen on the affirmative were Osgood and LaCross. Gentlemen on the negative were Elliot and Gagne. The debate was won by Elliot and Gagne.

HONOR ROLL FOR HALF YEAR

Honors in One Subject

Ruth M. Bode	Gladys B. Stork
Mildred A. Brierly	Frank Perry
Adela Dainowski	Geo. D. Moody
Roger J. Dehullu	Annie L. Long
Elsa M. Heider	Mary Lang
Julia E. Juarceys	Eleanor M. Kruschwitz
Althea M. Perley	Arthur W. Hawkes, 2d
Mildred E. Schruender	Richard P. Chadwick
Alice A. Venner	Mad. R. Auger
Austin G. Woolley	Margaret Turner
Alice G. Whitman	Grace E. Torrey
Katherine M. Smith	Raymond R. Thompson
Viola M. Sanderson	Mary H. Taylor
John B. Osgood	Catherine L. Ryley
Anna Michlun	Eva P. Rogers
Ruth Griffiths	Annie B. Keighley
J. Edmond Elliot	Wm. T. Grogan
Helen G. Cross	Dorothy M. Greenwood
Morris Budnick	Mary A. Galaher
Harry N. Wilcox	Norma C. Coggins

Honors in Two Subjects

Marion G. Buchan	Mary R. Garvey
Mary A. Costello	Hildur E. Wilde
Thomas T. Donlan, Jr.	Genevieve A. Lane
Edmund J. Fogarty	John P. Harrington
Helen M. Gallant	Florence St. Pierre
F. Clifford Gillespie	Mary C. McAloon
Selina McClung	E. Lawrence Colby

Honors in Three Subjects

Marian E. Glennie	Robert T. Graham
Jeanie T. Lang	Ruth E. Goff
Russell E. Colby	Elizabeth I. Sullivan

Honors in Four Subjects

Marion C. McGregor	Frances Hawkes
Margaret M. Donlan	

Honors in Five Subjects

Gladys I. Nason	Florence L. Mason
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Honors in Six Subjects

William T. Moody	
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TYPEWRITING AWARDS

		Words
Dec.	Margaret Turner	on Remington 39
	Helen McCallion	on Remington 29
	Dorothy Cole	on Remington 28
	Raymond Jensen	on Remington 27
	George Knightly	on Remington 25
	Helen Cross	on Remington 40
	Elizabeth Gesing	on Underwood 35
	Dorothy Cole	on Underwood 30
	Florence Fieldhouse	on Underwood 30
	Eva Rogers	on Royal 32
Jan.	Elizabeth Gesing	on Royal 37
	Helen Cross	on Royal 45
	Dorothy Greenwood	on Underwood 36
	Ethel Carey	on Underwood 34
	Anna Michlun	on Underwood 42
	Florence Fieldhouse	on Remington 28
	Anna Michlun	on Remington 41
	Eva Rogers	on Remington 32
	Florence St. Pierre	on Remington 25
	Charlotte Starling	on Remington 28
	Myrtle Ingram	on Remington 25
	Kent Stevenson	on Remington 26
	Helen Andrews	on Remington 28
	Dorothy Greenwood	on Remington 35

A very interesting exhibition of Lantern Slides was witnessed by the Sophomore Ancient History Class on January 15. The pictures were presented in the hall and Miss Sargent gave short lectures pertaining to the various slides. The slides were of the ancient city of Athens, showing the ruins and old

temples of that city. The presentation was very much enjoyed by everyone and we hope to have the opportunity of seeing more lantern slides in the near future.

On Wednesdays after the music period, Miss Florence Richmond has some of our talented pupils volunteer to render vocal or instrumental selections. Some of the selections which have been enjoyed are:

A Medley of Southern Songs—M. Battles and F. Smith (M. Battles at the guitar)
Cello Solo—German Folk Song—Blanche Greenwood.

Whistling Solo — “Enchantment” — Hildur Wilde.

Vocal Selection—“Bells of the Sea”—Elroy LaCross.

Violin Solo—“The Swan”—Angelo DeRienzo.

INTERESTING TALK BY TRACK COACH

Some of the Senior boys of the Johnson High School attended a very interesting talk given by W. Johnson Marling, Track and Swimming Coach at the Huntington School, Boston, Massachusetts, under the auspices of the North Andover American Legion Post on February 16, 1926, at the North Andover Club.

Mr. Marling talked upon “The Value of Athletics to the School Boy.” He emphasized the point that many school boys were handicapped by the lack of proper facilities and supervision. He said that because of this they were likely to become burnt-out and injured more easily and quickly than the boy who has all of these. He said that athletics tends to quicken the thinking powers and strengthen the constitution of those who participate in any form of athletics. He also said that athletics, especially swimming, tends to correct round shoulders and also deformities resulting from diphtheria, providing the sport is correctly supervised. After the talk Mr. Marling showed some of his medals and also his personal album containing the world’s champion athletes.

After the talk a light luncheon was served by the members of the Post.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL LETTERS

The A. A. awarded football letters to the following players: Capt. John Armstrong, Fred Armstrong, Elliot, LaCross, Gagne, Woolley, Moody, Chase, Pfeiffer, Lumenello, Grogan, Colby, Thompson, Norman Greenwood, Squier, Buchan and Taylor.

Carl Pfeiffer was elected captain of the 1926 football team. He has held a regular position on the team for three years, playing at both guard and tackle.

BOYS’ BASKETBALL

The boys’ basketball team has not come up to last year’s standard. The chance of winning the Suburban Title is gone with the Woodbury and Methuen defeats. Methuen outclassed Johnson, but Woodbury should have been beaten by a wide margin.

This year the school has a regular second team, which plays in preliminary games. The Freshman Team won over the Albert Thompson School and lost to the Center School.

Alumni	38	Johnson	31
Haverhill	32	Johnson	7
Lowell	36	Johnson	13
Mitchell	4	Johnson	16
Melrose	14	Johnson	18
Sanborn	36	Johnson	17
Woodbury	18	Johnson	16
Methuen	36	Johnson	11
Lowell	47	Johnson	5
Essex Aggies	25	Johnson	5
Melrose	20	Johnson	18
Stoneham	23	Johnson	25
Sanborn	58	Johnson	19
Wilmington	10	Johnson	65
Punchard Ind.	22	Johnson	18
Woodbury	10	Johnson	27

GIRLS’ BASKETBALL

This season Miss Starr has not had enough girls out for the varsity team to have a second team to use as substitutes. Because of sickness Hildur Wilde has stopped playing and this has left the team without a sub-forward. Out of the four games already played, Johnson has won but one, but the girls are improving steadily, both in pass work and in basket shooting.

Johnson 13

M. Donlan, r.f.
J. Lang, l.f.
M. Galaher, s.c.
M. Costello, j.c.
J. Richardson, j.c.
R. Trombly, s.c.
J. Taylor, r.g.
R. Graffam, l.g.

Punchard 34

Edmonds, r.f.
Fallon, r.f.
Parker, l.f.
Petrie, j.c.
Anderson, s.c.
Valentine, s.c.
Pivctor, l.g.
Elander, l.g.
Larkin, r.g.

Johnson 20

Donlan, r.f.
Lang, l.f.
Richardson, j.c.
Galaher, s.c.
Taylor, r.g.
Graffam, l.g.

Methuen 23

Bronder, r.f.
Simpson, l.f.
Buckley, j.c.
Chadwick, s.c.
Smith, s.c.
Bardsly, r.g.
Shoesmith, l.g.

Johnson 20

Donlan, r.f.
Lang, l.f.
Costello, j.c.
Galaher, s.c.
Taylor, r.g.
Graffam, l.g.

Punchard 24

Edmonds, r.f.
Elander, r.f.
Parker, l.f.
Petrie, j.c.
Anderson, s.c.
Stara, l.g.
Metcalf, l.g.
Fainsworth, l.g.
Larkin, r.g.

Johnson 16

Donlan, r.f.
Lang, l.f.
Richardson, j.c.
Galaher, s.c.
Taylor, r.g.
Graffam, l.g.

Lawrence 13

McMillan, r.f.
McDade, l.f.
Wells, j.c.
Bazzes, s.c.
McNally, s.c.
Norton, r.g.
Littlefield, l.g.

Johnson 26

Woodbury 6

ALUMNI NOTES

An Alumni Reunion of the classes of '22, '23, '24, '25 was held December 21, 1925, in Stevens Hall. A. P. Weigel of Lawrence served a delicious turkey supper, after which toasts were given by Mr. Nahum Leonard, toastmaster, Wilfred Wilde, Frances Dawson, Miss Eleanor Wills, Mr. Alva Hayes and Miss Annie L. Sargent. After the toasts, dancing was enjoyed and a very pleasant evening was spent by all in meeting old classmates and friends.

John E. Willis, Class of 1911, has recently been appointed auditor of a new railroad company, formed in Northern Vermont, to operate roads that have been under the management of the Boston & Maine.

Miss Evelyn S. Gibson, Class of 1916, A.B., Mount Holyoke College, Class 1920, holder of the Mary E. Woolley Fellowship which has given her six months in London in study and research on Economic History, has returned to Vassar College, where she is a member of the faculty.

Rev. John J. Carroll, Jr., C.M., is located at the present time at St. Mary's, Balboa, Canal Zone.

The engagement of Louise Bonney '22, to David Wallwork '22, was announced in January.

HUMOR and RUMOR

Marchese: "Say, do you know they had Fords in Walter Ralieg's time?"

Neil: "Aw g'wan, they did not."

Marchese: "Sure they did. Don't you remember he placed his coat in the mud and said, 'Step on it Lizzie?'"

Rockwell: "Are these apples fit for hogs?"

Neil: "How do I know? Try one and see."

Epitaph

Here lies the sad bones
Of poor Willie Whackers,
Who grew wild from eating
Wild animal crackers.

"Why didn't you filter this?"

"I didn't think it would stand the strain."

Something that runs in the best of families?
Silk hose.

"What is the difference between ammonia and pneumonia?"

"Search me."

"Why, ammonia comes in bottles and pneumonia comes in chests."

"There is a town in Ohio named after you."
"Is there?"
"Yes, Marblehead."

She went to dad and asked him for
A brand new sealskin coat.
Said pater, "Seal won't do at all,"
And then he got her goat.

"What mood?" asked Miss Cook about one
of the French verbs.
"The cow," answered Osgood, half asleep.

Mr. Hayes: "This is the third time you've
looked on Twombly's paper."
Smith: "Yes, sir, but he doesn't write very
plainly."

An Up-to-date Rhyme

Teacher: "Johnny, how many days in each
month?"

Johnny:

"Thirty days has September,
All the rest I can't remember,
The calendar's upon the wall—
Why bother me with this at all?"

Business Man: "Yes, I advertised for a
boy. Do you smoke?"

Marchese: "No thanks. But you can blow
me to an ice-cream soda."

A Lesson in Manners

The Sunday School teacher was giving a
lesson in manners to her class of little boys.

"Now what does your father say when you
sit down to eat?" she asked.

"Go easy on the butter, kids, it's fifty cents
a pound," was the astonishing answer of one
little fellow.

Critic: "I see you had a lot of bum jokes
in the *Journal* last time."

Editor: "Oh, not so bad. I put a bunch in
the stove and the fire just roared."

The Junior English class were reading in
the Sir Roger DeCoverly Papers. To see if
the class understood the Whigs and Tories,
Miss Starr asked: "Colby, what is a Whig?"

Colby: "Something you wear on your head."

Miss Starr: "No, I don't either. It's all
my own hair."

"What is the greatest in all walks of life?"
"Shoes."

Juniors? ? ?

Miss Starr: "Cyr, give me a sentence using
the word 'impudent'."

Cyr: "The Freshmen are very impudent."

Miss Starr: "Not only Freshmen."

Cyr (quickly): "No, Seniors and Soph-
omores, too."

Neil: "They raided the public library."

"Why."

Neil: "They found 'whiskey' in the dic-
tionary."

Wife: "When I'm gone you will never get
another wife like me."

Husband: "Well, well, that's some consola-
tion."

"Would you like to take a nice long walk?"
she asked.

"Why, I'd love to," replied the young man
joyously.

"Well, don't let me detain you," was the
quick answer.

An absent-minded fellow saw a note on his
own office door which read, "Back in one
hour," so he sat down and waited for himself.

First Soph: "Why can't I understand
geometry?"

Second Soph: "Two solids coming together,
I guess."

Miss Wills: "What gives the feeling of
satisfaction that you have at the end of Part
IV of the 'Ancient Mariner'?"

E. C.: "Oh, the men are killed and——."

Miss Wills: "You must be a man hater."

"Who invented the hole in the doughnut."

"Oh, some fresh air fiend, I suppose."

"And do they have reindeer (rain, dear) in
Canada?"

"No, darling, just snow."

"Do you want to hear something great?"

"Sure."

"Rub two bricks together."

"What could be more sad than a man
without a country?"

"A country without a man."

Mathematics

Teacher: "How many make a dozen?"
Class: "Twelve."
"How many make a million?"
"Very few."

Progressive

"How do you find marriage?"
"During courtship I talked and she listened.
After marriage she talked and I listened. Now
we both talk and the neighbors listen."

A Cutting Answer

It was a sunshiny Sunday morning and
Pat had brought his shaving tools out on the
back porch.

Mrs. McGinnis looked over the back fence.
"Shure, Mrs. Murphy, does your husband
shave on the outside?"

"And what's bothering you?" said Mrs.
Murphy, "Did you think he was fur lined?"

Settled Beforehand

Guest: "Are you sure your wife knows I'm
coming home with you for dinner?"

Husband: "She ought to. I argued with
her a whole hour about it."

Punished Himself

Fond Mamma: "You've been a bad boy,
Johnnie, to steal the jam, and I must punish
you by smacking your ears."

Johnnie: "Oh, I punished myself, mamma,
I smacked my lips after I ate it."

Too Much for Mike

Mike, who was advancing rapidly in his
work, was stopped one day by the foreman,
who said: "Mike, you are doing fine. I am
going to raise your wages."

Mike, all excited, said: "No, no, be jabers,
no! I lose enough now when I'm off a day!"

Taking No Chances

Farmer: "When's the next train North?"

Station Agent: "In an hour."

F.: "When's the next train South?"

Station A.: "Fifty minutes."

F.: "All right, Mirandy, we can get across
the tracks."

Whether Wright is Right,
Or whether Wright is Wrong,
Wright is Wright,
Whether Right or Wrong.

The Difference

"Which would yez rather be in, Casey, an
explosion or a collision?" asked his friend
McCarthy.

"In a collision," replied Casey.

"Why?"

"Because in a collision there yez are, but
in an explosion where are yez?"

Obedience

Waiter: "Hi, there, sir! What are you
loing with those teaspoons in your pocket?"

Diner: "Following doctor's orders!"

Waiter: "Doctor's orders, what do you
mean?"

Diner: "He told me to take two teaspoons
after each meal."

The Note That Hits Home

Father: "Your conversation is exactly like
the musical scale."

Debutante Daughter: "Musical scale?"

Father: "Yes! You start with dough and
end with dough."

"Did my wife speak at the meeting yester-
day?"

"I don't know your wife, but there was a
tall, thin lady who arose and said she couldn't
find words to express her feelings."

"That wasn't my wife!"

Miss Wills: "Elliot, make some criticism on
the sand of a desert."

Elliot: "Aw, it's too dry."

Woolley: "What is the smallest thing in
the world?"

Freshman: "The Senior's brains!"

Senior: "When do you wish death would
come?"

Freshman: "Just before finals."

One is Enough

"Have an accident?" asked the fellow
who arrived at the scene of an automobile
wreck too late to be of any help.

"No, thanks," replied the victim as he
picked himself up, "I've just had one."

A Different Variety

Customer: "Let me see a muzzle."

Dealer: "Here is one, sir. I just sold
one like this to a woman."

Customer: "But the kind I want is for
a dog."

A man who had just started to drive an automobile was accosted by a friend who asked him for a lift. They soon found themselves in a crowded thoroughfare. The friend said: "Jim, your engine is knocking badly."

"Don't be a fool," was the reply, "That's my knees."

Better Proof Demanded

One day an Irishman was seated with an odorous pipe in his mouth. One of the attendants called his attention to the sign "No Smoking."

"Well," said Pat, "I'm not smoking."

"But you have a pipe in your mouth."

"Sure and Oi've got shoes on me feet and Oi'm not walking, either."

The Freshmen stood on the burning deck,
And as far as we could learn,
They stood in perfect safety
For they were too green to burn.

SEND IT IN

If you have a bit of news,
Send it in.
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.

A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from you,
Send it in.

Never mind about the style,
If the news is worth the while,
It may help to cause a smile,
So, send it in.

Old Colored Mammy: "Ah wants a ticket for Florence."

Ticket Agent (after 10 minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides): "Where is Florence?"

"Sitting over there on de bench."

Wrong Location

Mother: "You were very wrong to disobey, and I've punished you to impress it on your mind."

Son: "Mamma aren't you a bit mistaken in regard to the position of the mind?"

EXCHANGES

One day on entering a bookshop I saw some advertisements that attracted my attention.

Read "The Record" from Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass. You will find it to be a complete magazine with a fine assortment of material.

Buy a copy today of "The Lawrence High School Bulletin" from Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass. It is a well-arranged paper. "A Christmas Carol for Freshmen" is certainly very interesting.

Take with you "The Punch Harder" from Punchard High School, Andover, Mass. Their literary material is excellent. "An Old-Fashioned Christmas" will be sure to please you.

Secure a copy of "The Bulletin" from Watertown Senior High School, Watertown, Mass., and read "Lines o' Cheer." It will make you forget your troubles.

A paper of high standard is "High School Breezes" from West Newbury High School, West Newbury, Mass. It is a compact magazine with a good variety of material.

Buy "The Alpha," from Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Mass. It is a very newsy paper.

Other magazines in stock are: "Essex Farmer and Home Maker," "The Pinkerton Critic" and "Boston University News."



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Stop! Look! Listen!

Prize Winning Contest

A prize will be offered by the JOHNSON JOURNAL Board in June to the pupil of Johnson High School who submits the best snapshot taken after January 1, 1926.

**Rules and Regulations
of the Contest**

1. The picture must be taken by the pupil who submits it.
2. It must have been taken in or about North Andover or the Boxfords.
3. The picture may be of any size.
4. The subject is not limited in any way.
5. Only one picture may be sent in by each contestant.
6. The developing and printing of the pictures is not required to be done by the contestant.
7. All pictures must be in the hands of the editors by June 1.

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REX:

EVERYONE knows Rex. Doubtless Rex knows everyone, but he is decidedly Pat Healey's dog. Miss Sargent may call to him but she always calls in vain. The only way to arouse his attention is by means of rustling a paper bag. That and that only can induce him to put an inquiring nose into a classroom when classes are in session. He is like a silent brown shadow as he goes padding around after Pat, as he makes his daily rounds.

By use of logarithms and compilation of valuable statistics we have arrived at the conclusion that:

Rex: Pat.=Pat: J. H. S.

Q. E. D.

